

July 17, 2020

Nona B. Trull

[REDACTED]
Canton, NC 28716
[REDACTED]

RE: United States v. Amanda Dale Trull 1:20-CR-60

The Honorable Martin Reidinger:

The purpose of my letter is to try to the best of my ability to give a personal account of my daughter, Amanda, prior to her sentencing. I appreciate the opportunity to stand for and with my daughter regardless of what her future may hold.

In my younger years, I was raised along with my brother in a single parent home and never met or knew my father. In previous years, I did everything from babysitting, house cleaning, waitressing, worked in tomato fields, obtained an AAS Degree from Haywood Community College in 1977 and worked as a secretary for three years. At that time, I was a single parent raising a son and applied and was hired at the Champion Paper Mill in 1980. I married Amanda's father in 1984, Amanda was born in April of 1985. We separated when Amanda was five and divorced three years later. Amanda's father has had little to no presence in her life since he remarried. At the age of 63 in February of 2017, I was able to retire after 37 years of service. The last eight weeks of my employment were using up my vacation build up time.

In January just prior to my birthday which was on the 22nd of 2017, Amanda was to meet me at the Texas Roadhouse because she wanted to treat me to a birthday meal, so I went to meet her at 5:00PM. I waited for her for a couple of hours, but she never came. Thinking that she merely forgot, I cried on the way home. When she was finally able to call, she told me of her arrest. To say I was blindsided is an understatement. How can someone so smart, gifted in math (trigonometry), technically literate, fluent in Spanish, my beautiful daughter be in jail? Until her plea, she was unable to tell me anything concerning the circumstances surrounding her arrest. Her brother, Anthony, and I went to clean out her apartment in Asheville during her incarceration, and two agents came in to question us. They were extremely kind as I began to cry and tell them that neither her brother nor me knew nothing as to what happened. When they saw the huge volumes of college books and asked if they were Amanda's, I told them yes, and they were amazed.

To give a little background of her younger years after her father and I separated and later divorced, we moved back from Candler to Canton to be closer to my job at the paper mill when she was five years old. When my job went from eight hour to twelve-hour swing shifts, it was extremely hard. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

I felt as her Mom, the very one that had struggled so hard to raise her, protect her, warn her, and to help her like I had failed her! Then, she turned to alcohol to cope, I suppose. After being an honor student up to her senior year, her grades plummeted, and she dropped out of school about three months before she was to graduate.

Sometime after she had been on her own for a short while, she got her GED, enrolled in Asheville Buncombe Tech, and back to making the honor roll again. Not exactly sure what changed but a year later, something did. As most mother's do, I told her that she would come to a crossroad and would have to make a choice to go either with God or suffer the consequences if she chose the wrong path. A few months later, Amanda, her brother, Anthony, and I met at Cracker Barrel for Thanksgiving and she seemed so different! As we got ready to leave and I hugged her, I teared up as she walked away and thought, "Lord, will I see and hug my daughter again"? That day, I began earnestly praying for God to intervene, protect her, and stop her, whatever it took. He has answered my prayer, but the answer has been hard to bear; however, she is alive, and I thank Him many times throughout the day for hearing my cries.

Since being here with me for the last almost three years, she rarely left the house other than to drive me to the Ophthalmologist, Dr. Patel, in Asheville and sometimes to the Hendersonville office to run an ultrasound test on my eye. In September of 2017 after over seven months in the Buncombe County Jail, came the greatest gift that could have been given. Somehow, Amanda was able to come home! I did not know for how long, but I want to express how grateful, how thankful, I am for the privilege of getting to finally show my daughter what having a mother at home is really like. I sincerely appreciate her lawyer, Mary Ellen Coleman, and anyone else who had a part in her temporary release. The two times her ankle bracelets malfunctioned, I could see the fear and despair in her eyes because she was so afraid. One continued to vibrate all night, and the other replacement kept alarming through the night, and she was afraid she would not wake up in time to get another one the next day, but we did. Her lawyer was also instrumental in helping Amanda find computer employment at home. About two weeks after she was released into my supervision wearing an ankle tracker, the retina detached in my right eye, my good eye, and she has been driving me to my appointments. About every two to three months, she has a friend, Hannah, that invites her over to spend time with her and her children. Hannah only lives on the other side of Canton, and Amanda comes right back to the house. She no longer talks to her former friends or coworkers. From the person she once was prior to January of 2017 to now is amazing. What a joy to be a "hands on stay at home" parent for the past three years! What a privilege to show my daughter that regardless of what happens in her and her brother's lives, I will always love and help them while I am able: I am here through the good and the bad. Failure is not final because I did not always make the right choices in my youth but through God's grace and mercy, He changed me!

In closing, Your Honor, on Friday, July 10th before we left the house, I hugged my daughter and told her how proud I was that she was doing the right thing. Whatever the outcome may be, Amanda is and always will be my precious daughter, and I will continue to stand with her and pray for her future. She will always have a place to come home to. Also, please excuse any typing errors I may have missed: I still have some floaters in my eye but compared to what it was to begin with, I'll happily accept it.

Sincerely,


Nona B. Trull